

Bob Lind, Cheryl's Goin' Home

The thunder cracks against the night
The dark explodes with yellow light
The railroad sign is flashing bright
The people stare but I don't care
My flesh is cold against my bones
And Cheryl's going home

Come hear me shouting through the rain
Is there a way to stop the train
I've got some reasons to explain
About the way I was today
The whistle moans and I'm alone
And Cheryl's going home

Santa Rosa Special down the line
I'm running desperately behind
There's only one thing on my mind
The rain and tears are in my eyes
The things I have to say will not be known
And Cheryl's going home